

25¢

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

harry

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No. 2

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Photograph by: GLENN EHASZ

Letters

HARRY GOT A LETTER

Dear HARRY,

I just read Volume 1, Number 1 and it's great! Baltimore has had one half rate underground paper after another, and time has been too long since there was a good "Head" paper.

Your coverage and editorial style are, I hope, indicative of the sort of paper that HARRY will remain in future issues. HARRY has managed to put across its point without pointless profanity or endless condemnations with no solution offered.

I especially enjoyed your spread on the Read Street Benefit!

Keep up the good work and don't hesitate to call on me for anything that I can do to help.

Robert N. Cadwalader

[Editor: HARRY extends thanks to Mr. Cadwalader, Editor-in-Chief of Baltimore's excellent Folk Music Magazine, FOLK FORUM, P. S. "Thanks Reds."]

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PEACE NOW

by MICHAEL WEISS

The legions of the Woodstock Nation came together once again in Washington Saturday, affirming their vitality in song, action and spirit.

Huddled together on 30 grassy acres around the Washington Monument to demand "Peace Now" on a cold, sunny day, they generated warmth by dancing, hugging, smiling and enjoying themselves.

Across Constitution Avenue, Tricky Dicky sat isolated in the White House, protected from the outpouring of good spirits and determination by cordons of cops, bumper to bumper buses, and Army troops hidden nearby in the Treasury and Executive Office buildings.

"It's like a big peace picnic," Jerry Rubin said. "That's all right. It's fun. I'm not critical. I'm having a good time. It brings together all these people from all over the country and it gives them a sense of power."

HARRY estimated the crowd at 497,323 by using an abacus to count legs and divide by two.

Despite Tricky Dicky's attempts at intimidation, the massive number of people gathered for the second anti-war offensive this fall were united in their demands for an immediate withdrawal of all American troops from Vietnam and a national commitment to no future foreign adventures.

"We march because war and militarism have an entrenched economic and political leadership which is wedded to the status quo both at home and abroad and racism at home," said the call to action by the New Mobe.

Dave Dellinger, a pacifist and a member of The Conspiracy, received an ovation when he said that plans introduced in Congress for withdrawal by 1970, 1971, and 1972 were "war continuation plans, not peace plans."

Two senators, Charles Goodell of New York, sponsor of the 1970 resolution, and George McGovern of South Dakota, spoke, but were met with reactions varying, for the most part, from boredom to disdain.

Their speeches were ambiguous, circumspect and passionless. You could sense that these doves, both of whom vote for military appropriations totaling 70 per cent of our budget, are committed foremost to being elected.

On the other hand, there was no equivocation in the remarks of Dr. Benjamin Spock who welcomed his "brothers and sisters and all my children," Dellinger, Carol Lippman of the Student Mobilization Committee, and other radicals.

The New Mobe, in one of its few blunders, did not let Abbie Hoffman or Jerry Rubin near a microphone. Pig Nation denies a forum to those it considers unacceptable, too.

A young GI who edits a resistance newspaper brought waves of cheers from the slopes and basin of the rally site when he said: "If Nixon doesn't bring the troops home, they'll be coming home themselves."

And Dick Gregory, the black comedian turned freedom fighter who thinks that Spiro Agnew is "too dumb to chew gum & walk at the same time," declared:



"...all gathered around George Washington's thing there..." Arlo

"We don't really have to be here at all. When we said we were coming and they put machineguns in the capital, they told the whole story."

But the mood of the rally was best captured by Pete Seeger, Earl Scruggs, Arlo Guthrie, John Hartford, Peter Yarrow, the cast of "Hair" and other singers who set the huge crowd to dancing, both alone and in large circles with arms and hands linked.

The atmosphere was marked by the same selfconscious friendliness and sharing that prevailed at Woodstock. The people of the cultural revolution are still astounding themselves with their real ability to live what they believe.

Along the march route, people gave marshalls peanut butter and jelly sandwiches & fig newtons, and when most of the crowd was told after an hour of standing patiently in the cold that they would not be able to join the march because the government permit expired at 12:30, they turned around & surged down the mall toward the rally-site.

"Don't let them push us around," one angry guy said. "It's the same old shit & we've got a right to march past the White House no matter what time it is."

"We can march on the mall just as easy," somebody answered. "Why give them an excuse to call out the troops."

There were enough strategic alternatives available for everybody to find one that satisfied him.

Following the mass rally, the Conspiracy, the Yippies, the Weathermen, and a diverse crowd of about 10,000 headed toward the Justice Department to de-

mand an end to the trial of the Eight and the freeing of Bobby Seale.

A few rocks were thrown through windows. But when one guy took down the American flag & hoisted a Viet Cong banner, the police let loose teargas canisters.

Some busts were made, and, given the go-ahead by their masters, the cops ran around town a while laying down teargas wherever they saw hairies.

Attorney General John Mitchell, who watched the action from his office window, immediately used it to bear out his predictions of dire violence. As with Spiro Agnew, it's hard to tell whether even Mitchell believes himself.

Although the vast majority of the people at the Justice Department had done nothing more militant than shout & burn paper-mache' replicas of Mitchell & Agnew, they were still gassed indiscriminately, including women and children & passers-by.

The gas, which Pig Nation considers to be more progressive than clubs, burned eyes and nostrils, caused vomiting and left people who caught a good dose with their skin still itching fiercely on Sunday.

Not satisfied with their performance on the streets, the cops also exploded noxious gas bombs in the Union Station, where a large peaceful crowd was waiting for the trains north.

Friday night, during the death march past the White House, the cops also gassed a crowd demonstrating outside the South Vietnamese embassy.

If we lived in a country free from the violence of bombing, napalming, the

draft, hunger, pollution, racism and political persecution there would be no compulsion to throw rocks at glass.

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The policeman isn't there to create disorder. He's there to preserve disorder.

—Richard J. Daley

(more Washington news on pages 8 and 9)

Five Types of Heads

by ROBERT HOGAN

As the author of an empirical study of young marijuana smokers, I am frequently asked about the causes of drug use in the "younger generation." While the question is not mind-boggling in its complexity or metaphysical significance, it can't really be answered properly with a snappy one-liner. Choosing marijuana as a prototypical case, there are perhaps five different kinds of people who smoke grass and each type has its own reasons and motivations for doing so. A discussion of these persons, their attendant motivations, and the social consequences of their actions might shed some additional light on what is surely one of the most interesting adolescent pastimes since the passing of the panty raid.

The first type of marijuana user we might note is the rebel, the person who smokes pot as a symbolic expression of his personal contempt for and alienation from normal American society. Among Mexican-American adolescents of the southwestern United States, for example, this type of marijuana use is virtually required as a demonstration of one's



manhood. Because marijuana use of this type so flagrantly challenges the conventional norms of American society, rebellious users seem to be unusually desirable targets for police action. One might note that the legal status of marijuana use is ideally suited to the ends of this category of user.

The second, and probably most common, type of marijuana user is the simple thrill seeker — the person in search of titillation and relief from boredom. For these people there are few important phenomenological differences between smoking pot, riding a roller coaster, and inhaling vapors from cleaning fluid. The social implications of this type of marijuana use are minimal — indeed one might wish to argue that everyone has a



Type 2

right to relief from ennui, and grass is less deadly than high speed driving.

These first two categories of marijuana use can be described as non-reflective pot smoking. Although exceptions abound, drug use of this type tends to be associated with lower levels of socioeconomic status and education. The remaining three categories are more characteristically middle class behavior.

At least some persons try marijuana in an honest attempt to expand the limits of their awareness, to escape those barriers to self knowledge imposed by their language and routine thought processes. Many distinguished writers and intellectuals have employed drugs as a means of opening new corridors of thought; e.g., Coleridge, DeQuincey, Rimbaud, Aldous Huxley, and William James. Actually a variety of techniques for altering one's conscious states have been discovered, including (1) breathing a specially prepared mixture of carbon dioxide, (2) exposure to the rhythmic flashing of a strobe



Type 3

lamp, (3) fasting, (4) mortification of the flesh, and (5) ingestion of consciousness-altering chemical substances. Thus a number of methods are available to the serious student for deliberately rearranging and recombining his mental activities,

marijuana use being only one possible technique.

C.G. Jung once sagely observed that men seem to have an inherent need to make some form of an irrational commitment to a personal fantasy. Jung felt that the Christian myth had ceased to provide man with a coherent world view, and that the task for the psychologist was to specify those conditions under which a renewed commitment would be intellectually defensible. It is within this framework that we can understand the fourth type of marijuana user, the pot cultist. For these people the use of drugs has become a surrogate religion. There is nothing, in principle, wrong with religion. However, there are three commitments of the life of a pot cultist which seem indefensible.



Type 4

First, as with religionists of any stripe, the pot cultists are intellectually shoddy, substituting mythopoeic musings for hard thought, preferring to guide their actions in terms of impulsive whimsy rather than a rational consideration of the long term consequences of their behavior. Cultists manifest a recrudescence of primary process thought and an implicit denial of personal responsibility. It is one thing to note (correctly) that logical thought has its limitations. It is quite another matter to celebrate irrationalism as a higher and finer mode of intellectual existence. Such is the mentality of which inquisitions are made.

A second indefensible characteristic of pot cultists is their lack of concern with the social and political problems of our time. Religion is the opiate of the people. Pot frequently serves as a similar tranquilizer for the middle class.

A final difficulty with pot cultists is a tendency toward self-righteousness, a tendency once again that is endemic to most forms of orthodox religion. The intolerance of the pot cultists takes the form of denigrating the use of alcohol. As a dedicated drinker, the pot cultists' prejudice against booze threatens a major source of my personal enjoyment. But

Illustrations by: JOHN YOUNG

more importantly, at this point the pot cultist merges into a major stream in American cultural and intellectual history, that quaintly American tradition known as puritanism. And heaven knows there are enough puritans of the conventional variety about without pot cultists adding to their numbers.

The last category of drug users is unfortunately the smallest. These are the people who employ drugs in an attempt to enhance or increase the creative potential of their thought processes. These users have not confined themselves specifically to marijuana, but also frequently use LSD, mescaline, and psilocybin. Certain phenomenal effects of these drugs repeatedly seem to reoccur. The following list of five effects, all apparently enhancing to creativity, are taken from a variety of published writings on the subject:

1. **Increase in Esthetic Sensibility.** Both beauty and ugliness in objects often become considerably amplified, and the esthetic qualities of perception take on greater value.
2. **Increased Frequency of Unusual Associations.** The analogical and synecdochal properties of persons and events emerge and combine to produce meaning and order where none was previously perceived. Hierarchies of associational responses become flatter, thereby generating a greater number of statistically infrequent associations.
3. **Interpersonal Intuition is Increased.** The use of intuition *vis a vis* other persons is increased, often leading to brilliant insights. However, crashing errors often occur, many times from the sudden emergence of paranoid fantasies, and rational reflection is needed ultimately to evaluate these intuitive insights.
4. **Questions of Ultimate Meanings and Purposes become Salient.** The ordinary demands of social living lose importance, and a sense of dedication to higher purposes may emerge. On the other hand, one's daily routines may appear so trivial that impulses to self-destruction or to immolation of the known self may become quite powerful.
5. **Mystical Experiences of Absolute Freedom.** A sense of freedom is clearly a necessary prerequisite for creativity. On the other hand, the freedom seems typically based on a sense of nonbeing, or identification with a final nothingness. This can lead, as in the case of Martin Heidegger for example, to genuinely irrational and destructive commitments.

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There is increasing evidence that experience with drugs does indeed stimulate creative thought. However, this evidence is still in the anecdotal and observational form which cautions against uncritical acceptance. Moreover, there is some possibility that the major psychedelic drugs may be physically dangerous. The experiments which have suggested that the drugs may be harmful, however, are also beset with technical difficulties. Our best judgment is that it is too early to reach firm conclusions concerning the dangers of hallucinogens, even though it can be said that without question drugs such as LSD can trigger psychoses in some persons under certain circumstances. Indeed the control of the improper or abusive use of all these drugs which radically alter psychic functioning will be a paramount problem during at least the next decade.

Having said this, however, we must still remark that control of drug use by blanket prohibition represents a serious lack of creativity and imagination in our legislators. The question of whether higher mental faculties may be beneficially influenced by chemical agents is one of the most intriguing in all behavioral science.

Finally, if it is the case that many existing drugs are physically harmful then we might look forward to the future and, as my colleague David Froin suggests, ask whether or not alternative, non-harmful drugs might be developed. A crash program of research devoted to the discovery of nutritious, vitamin-rich



Type 5

psychedelics might be a highly desirable alternative to the production of ABM systems and the SST. Drugs of this variety would be a valuable resource on that great day when the members of the human race are all encapsulated in small boxes, thereafter to be fed and tended by a giant computer.

November 17, 1969

HARRY

Page Five

The Electric Spring Grove Acid Test

by PHILBERT DESENECH

Among the thousands of published scientific inquiries into the effects of LSD, there are only three reported cases of babies with malformations that might have been the result of their mothers' dropping acid while pregnant.

In none of the three cases was a cause and effect relationship suggested by the researchers, nor was it even definitely established whether acid had really been taken during pregnancy.

And in two of these instances, there was no chromosome damage found either in the mother or in the malformed infants.

Nonetheless, the medical-government-media axis repeatedly warns that acid causes genetic damage that may result in malformations.

So there is probably scant hope that the first conclusive research under carefully controlled medical conditions on the effects of acid on chromosomes in human white blood cells will tranquilize the spasmodic mass culture propaganda mechanism.

Based on acid given to 45 people at the National Institute of Health and the Maryland Psychiatric Research Center, this most recent and authoritative study concludes that "there is no definitive evidence that LSD damages chromosomes of human white blood cells."

The authors of the study - Drs. J.H. Tjio, Walter N. Pahnke, and Albert Kurland - are not acid prophets, and they are not encouraging its use.

All they are saying is that acid won't foul up your chromosomes regardless of anything you might have read about what it does to mice, hamsters, rats, rabbits, or blood in a test tube.

Their analyses of blood samples were performed on white blood cells, not reproductive cells. But most genetic research utilizes white blood cells and then applies the findings to reproductive cells, which are more difficult to extract and examine in a laboratory.



Straight Person's Chromosomes

There have been some few highly inconclusive tests on reproductive cells. One, which got a lot of mass media publicity, involved injecting doses equivalent to 70,000 mikes in a man directly into the blood streams of mice. It did wicked things to their chromosomes - and their little mice heads too, most likely.

Another study - this one, incidentally, totally unpublicized - was published by four Swedish researchers in *Annales de Genetique*. One of the men being studied had dropped street acid at least 30 times, smoked hash regularly, and used speed occasionally.

According to the study, he "did not have an obvious increase of numerical or structural chromosome aberrations in the germ line (reproductive) cells six months after the last LSD intake in comparison with one healthy man."

That's not conclusive, nor are the other four cases including a mother and father who dropped, and whose chromosomes, like their child's, were healthy.



Acidhead's Chromosomes

But these people were all copping street acid - Swedish street acid. In the study at the Psychiatric Research Center, pure acid was used in doses of between 50 and 450 mikes.

The doctors-three specifically caution that what they have proved is not applicable to street acid, which "may contain certain other drugs, impurities or contaminants," and which they estimate usually comes in doses of between 100 and 150 mikes.

Included among their group of 45 subjects, however, were five people who did drop street acid regularly and whose chromosomes were as intact as anybody else's.

The study, then, does explode the myth of acid-induced chromosome damage.

It's encouraging that some scientists are doing this kind of propaganda-free work. After all, if you can't trust somebody who gave 45 people dynamite acid, who can you trust?



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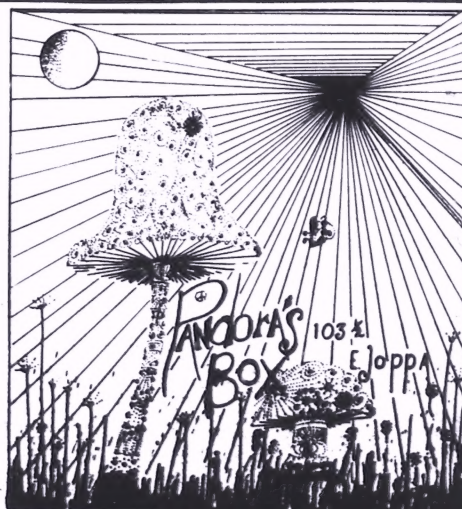
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MARSHALL BLOOM

(Marshall Bloom was one of the founders of Liberation News Service. When he and Ray Mungo set up shop in Washington, D.C. in the fall of 1967, they had ten subscribers on their list. A year later, when a policy dispute split the LNS staff, there were more than 300 subscribers. Marshall moved his part of the operation to a farm in Montague, Massachusetts. For a few months there were two versions of LNS, until the farm people lost interest in the project and the Montague version gradually faded out of existence.)

But not the farm. Although Marshall had been active in political struggles for some time before starting LNS, he began to feel that the cities of America, no matter what their political importance, were simply impossible places for human beings to live. He saw the farm as a kind of salvation, a place to think and be free.

On November 1, Marshall Bloom's body was found in a car not far from his farm in Massachusetts. He had hooked up a vacuum cleaner hose from the car's exhaust pipe and run it through a vent window.)

by ABE PECK

CHICAGO[LNS] -- I didn't know Marshall Bloom when he went to Amherst or organized out of the London School of Economics. Then again, he didn't know me when I was at NYU or praying to get out of the army. We came together as mutants, as mojo-men, as brothers in consciousness dedicated to the idea that there was another way to live on the planet than the one described by all those boring professors and totalitarian sergeants (or was it the other way around?).

Marshall Bloom founded LNS, and then took half of it to the mountains of Massachusetts. There he and a gathering of friends labored to create a Green Revolution. When I visited a year ago there was little food but much hopefulness, little money but a contentment that seemed to come from being close to the organic. He didn't even bitch when I ripped the guts out of his battered old Triumph.

Now Marshall is dead, his life-force stilled by his own hand. Perhaps he got too high. Perhaps he felt the wrongs of the world were too much to combat. Perhaps it became too much of a drag.

It's a shame that Marshall couldn't hang in, because his team is winning. Everywhere you go you meet people who manifest the same kind of spontaneity that Marshall was known for, who demand the impossible and get it, who create joy from sorrow and life from inertia.

Marshall Bloom was an unqualified genius and a full-blown freak as well. I have the feeling that Marshall went to his afterward with a smile on his face, because the chance that there might be something beyond this incarnation was his kind of outrageous gamble. And it's hard to be sure that he was wrong. He was just too good a con artist to make a bad bet.

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Life Among the Savage Beasties

by SANDY SEVERANCE

In an informal question and answer discussion at the Learning Action Center, Don Luce, a former IVS (International Volunteers in Service) worker, gave his first-hand impressions of the Vietnam war.

According to Mr. Luce, the NLF is a group of South Vietnamese who are in favor of a united neutral-socialist government, more communistic than capitalistic, yet retaining political autonomy and private ownership. The NLF is violent because of U.S. intervention in Vietnam. They are in favor of the free national elections which were promised in 1953 and would support the decision of the electorate.

The people of Vietnam are apathetic and anti-government with a strong desire for peace. 80% are Buddhists and therefore pacifists. They would vote for nationalism against the foreigners (U.S.). Ho Chi Min is the hero of Vietnam even to the right-wing Catholics because he drove out the French and stood up to the U.S.

Anti-war demonstrations in Vietnam have been met with tanks and the leaders jailed. If the U.S. would not protest, the government would shoot its own people. There are 100,000 political prisoners in Vietnam (the equivalent of one million here.) Protest in Vietnam is doomed to failure so long as the U.S. is involved.

The effects of the war on the U.S. are demonstrated by the conflict in the minds of the people. The soldier and the citizen are faced with the question of who to hate - himself or the Vietnamese. The war continues only because of the boy-power of the army. If soldiers were college graduates the war would end sooner. According to Mr. Luce '18 year-olds are more impressionable. At 18 I thought it my duty to fight, but now I believe no loyal American or humanitarian could fight. The war is destroying a part of us.'

On the subject of protest at home Mr. Luce stated that the first Vietnam Summer was most effective in impact. The McCarthy campaign woke up and united many people. The October Moratorium was excellent because it involved the middle class. Most effective protest, according to Mr. Luce, must involve the middle-class to be successful. The elite liberals are a closed group, speaking only to themselves, leaving Agnew free to communicate with the common man. The poor or older citizen feels challenged by the liberals who don't speak their language or make only stilted attempts, sounding like a foreigner swearing in English - 'God-awful'. Liberals must find a way to communicate on a broad base. They must ask 'what makes the poor tick?'. Young people should not opt out, but work in the factories in an attempt at understanding. Do not, Mr. Luce cautions, expect to convert 20 workers per day. The task cannot be accomplished in a summer.

Mr. Luce will return to Vietnam in mid-December with the World Council of Churches.



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CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL WARFARE PANEL

The audience did not believe it at first. Here they were, in 1969, at a panel on chemical and biological warfare, and some clown Colonel, very big on CBW, was talking about the International Communist Conspiracy poisoning the minds of our youth. The International Communist Conspiracy! That term hadn't been used in even semi-respectable circles since Joseph McCarthy was censured in the early fifties. Even Melvin Laird wouldn't use that term—at least not in public.

The panel pitted two good guys—Congressman Richard McCarthy, the first Congressman to have the balls to confront the Pentagon on CBW, and Seymour Hersh, author of "Chemical and Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal"—against one very bad guy, who says he has ten kids and wants to see peace as much as anyone but God knows we can't be subjected to Communist slavery, the one-time head of U.S. Army Combat Developments division on CBW for the Institute of Special Studies, now a consultant to Litton Industries, but actually, Mario Procaccino in drag, Colonel Norman Shapira! Yes, indeed, a real live Colonel, but he's retired now, so he's dressed in civvies - baggy pants, string tie, and light socks.

The speech he gave got laughs from the audience, but the laughter subsided somewhat near the end, when they realized it really wasn't very funny that people actually think like this. Yes, of course, some paranoid speed freak has weird fantasies about mad Colonels ranting on the Commie menace. But nobody really thinks the Reds have taken over. Right?

Wrong.

"In the past year there has been a great deal of controversy over Chemical and Biological Warfare. There has also been a great deal of controversy over the war in Vietnam, over the so-called 'military-industrial complex' and over a number of major issues affecting American liberty and the American way of life. One wonders whether there is an organized theme behind the attacks on our traditional institutions and the chaos which is being introduced into all areas of American life. My proposition is that these things are not happening by accident," he whispered confidentially.

Leaning over the podium, his eyes glowering with the zeal of a true crusader who is bringing us the Truth, he continued knowingly, "The attacks on Chemical and Biological Warfare are only part of a well-organized, deliberate, Communist plan of attack on America."

For the fiscal year 1970, the Pentagon will spend at least 600 million dollars on chemical and biological weapons. Among some of the items stockpiled and produces in places like Pine Bluff, Arkansas and Denver, Colorado and Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland are the nerve gas VX (a chemical and biological weapons. Among some of the items stock drop of which on your skin will kill you instantly), infectious plague toxins, anthrax and fevers.

"Chemical and Biological weapons are essential for deterring their use by the enemy. They will help us save United States lives. In a war with Russia in Europe having these weapons would deter the enemy from attacking us. It would prevent us from being blackmailed. In a war with Red China, we could use incapacitating biological weapons. These don't result in damage to physical structures like buildings—the policy of our Government has always been not to kill people unnecessarily," Shapira said.

planning to ship 800 freight cars of deadly chemical and biological weapons across the country by rail, going from Denver to Earl, N.J., passing by some major population centers along the way. At New Jersey, the materials were to be put into four old ships and then sunk at sea. The National Academy of Sciences issued a report on the project, terming it extremely dangerous. Rail accidents have doubled in the last few years and there are no Federal regulations governing rail safety. There was a good

17, 1969 and it said that safety precautions had been taken, and with a few minor improvements, testing could resume. Testing will be resumed as soon as the Pentagon approves a three month testing schedule. Senator Joseph Tydings set up his own panel, and he asked that testing should not resume until that panel's report is in. Meanwhile, Dr. Neil Solomon, the state secretary of health and mental hygiene, said that he will ask Edgewood Arsenal officials to institute new safety measures and improve their liaison with state officials before open-air testing is resumed. His decision to permit testing to continue was based on the Majority report submitted by a five-man state health investigating team two months ago. A minority report, submitted by Dr. Perry Stearns, apparently the only sane man on the panel, said that open-air testing of lethal chemicals should be prohibited because "the potential for error exists." He pointed out that Edgewood Arsenal is only 1½ miles from the nearest home.

"These critics never bother to get the facts. They only present one side of the story," Colonel Shapira insisted.

The CBW program is just another shred in the growing mountain of evidence that our country is in very serious danger of destroying itself, with an assist from madmen like Colonel Norman Shapira and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird. A start towards putting the brakes on these lunatics is to keep a vigilant eye on the activities of the Government. As Joseph Heller once said, "They'll do anything to you that you don't stop them from doing."



The United States and Japan are the only major powers not to have signed the Geneva Protocol of 1925, which bans the use of chemical and biological weapons. It is one of the few successful arms agreements in history, and there is a good chance that other agreements could be built on this one, but the United States is undermining the pact by refusing to sign.

"The manifestations of the Communist campaign of psychological warfare and propaganda are all around us. The Communists have subverted our courts, our Congress, our news media, and our universities. They are using the old technique of divide and conquer."

Recent testimony by a member of the Army's Chemical and Biological Research division revealed that the Army was planning to create a synthetic disease that would be able to resist all known antibiotics. Congressman McCarthy says that the use of this weapon could easily lead to a world-wide, incurable epidemic.

"The recent outcry about the hazards in transportation and testing of chemical and biological weapons are not supported by the facts. There is a good safety record in transportation, and the amount of accidents involved with working with CBW are less than the normal rate for industry," the Colonel said.

This year, until Congressman McCarthy got them to stop it, the Pentagon was

likelihood that the four ships might have leaked or exploded, resulting in the death of all marine life within 600 cubic miles.

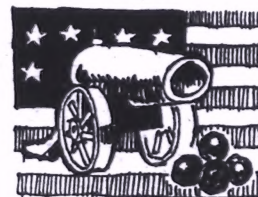
At 5:52 on March 13, 1968, an airplane at Dougway Proving Grounds in Utah was undergoing some tests. As a part of those tests, the pilot was supposed to spray nerve gas, dyed red, from two tanks as the plane landed. Instead, the pilot released the gas while it was still in the air. Nearby, 6400 sheep died. Colonel Watts at the base didn't report the accident until four days later.

In Fort Detrick, Maryland a young lifeguard who did some work at Edgewood Arsenal contracted the plague. 19 other incidents of personnel contracting disease from working on CBW have been reported at Fort Detrick.

In Okinawa, the United States has been secretly stockpiling these weapons for years. The truth came out when 25 people had to be hospitalized as a result of working on these weapons.

Colonel Shapira continued, "The unilateral elimination of chemical and biological weapons will not promote peace, but will only encourage war."

As a result of public outcry against open-air testing at Edgewood Arsenal, the Army suspended the testing on July 15 and appointed a civilian panel to look into the matter. The panel report, under Dr. Ivan Bennet, Jr., Director of the N.Y.U. Medical Center, was released Oct.



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paranoids
really
do
have
enemies.

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WHATEVER DID BABY
JANE HAPPEN TO?

WASHINGTON WAS A GAS

by: SHERRY JACKSON

Washington—Perched atop the Internal Revenue Service building starlings screamed at 5,000 demonstrators below who were expressing their agitation with the Chicago 7 Conspiracy trial by marching around the Justice Department building late Saturday afternoon.

"Join us, join us," the marchers shouted to spectators beyond lines of New Mobe marshals and riot-helmeted, blue-uniformed police.

Red banners and Viet Cong flags fluttered amid huge paper mache busts of Vice President Agnew, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley and U.S. District Court Judge Julius Hoffman.

A few spectators joined the march, but most of them stood quietly behind police cordons—until they noticed the marchers, comprised mainly of radical splinter groups, were hurling missiles at the building.

Police responded to the barrage with a few bursts of tear gas, which dispersed the marchers and drove panic-stricken observers back up the block to Pennsylvania Avenue.

D.C. Police Chief Jerry Wilson pitched the first tear gas grenade of the conflict. It landed with a dull thud among the group and more gas grenades followed as the marchers scattered.

As night fell, gas-masked police armed with riot sticks confronted the regrouped marchers in front of the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History on Constitution Avenue.

Paddy wagons, their sirens and flashing lights slicing the cold dusk, moved in along with several hundred police reinforcements.

Four rows of police stood ready for an expected battle as the senior officer, using a bullhorn, informed the demonstrators that they would be tear gassed if they remained.

Bottles flew through the air, smashing into fragments at the feet of police. Stones and other debris bounced off cruisers, paddy wagons and buses which had been brought there for carting away arrested protesters.

Suddenly, at a given signal, police formed a wedge and readied their tear gas launchers as the group began to escape the stinging fireworks that exploded in the next few seconds.

A pepper machine, a unit similar to a flame thrower which adds a type of nerve gas to the tear gas formula, started grinding like a 1938 Ford trying to start on a cold morning.

Tear gas launchers shot cannisters, which cut bright arcs in the dark and clunked among the protesters, reporters and observers with a loud, echoing KA-BOOM!!

And people started to scream as the heaviest single gas attack in the confrontations shrouded them in a dense fog of acrid, burning, immobilizing mist.

Mucous and saliva ran freely as the irritants clung to exposed skin and saturated clothing.

Those without masks stumbled through the fog, retching as their stomachs became churning footballs and dodging police who were using their nightsticks as if they were directing traffic, striking a few gas victims while clearing the streets.

Several found their way to Pennsylvania Ave. where bystanders came out of nowhere without mask protection to splash soothing water on the faces of the figures who emerged from the smoke choking and blinded by the gas.

The rest of the crowd fled down Constitution Ave., immersed in the thick smoke, toward the Washington monument grounds where several hundred people were gathered around bonfires waiting for transportation out of the city.

Police chased the group firing rapid volleys of tear gas cannisters at both their prey and the monument crowd.

While they used their clubs conservatively, police bombarded the six-block area with proportionately more gas than was used in one night of the Chicago confrontations.

About an hour later police and National Guardsmen were reportedly sweeping the square mile area with tear gas in an effort to discourage any regrouping attempts.

"Do not touch your faces or rub your eyes," shouted the New Mobe marshals, explaining that the irritant would not be lodged in pores unless one touched the exposed skin.

Members of the crowd who did not have masks pressed wet tissues or handkerchiefs soaked in vinegar to their noses and mouths. But the protection lasted only a few minutes as gas saturated every fiber.

Saturday's activities inscribed on the emotions two indelible experiences—the incredible support for the anti-war movement and the incredible pain of pepper gas.

Chance

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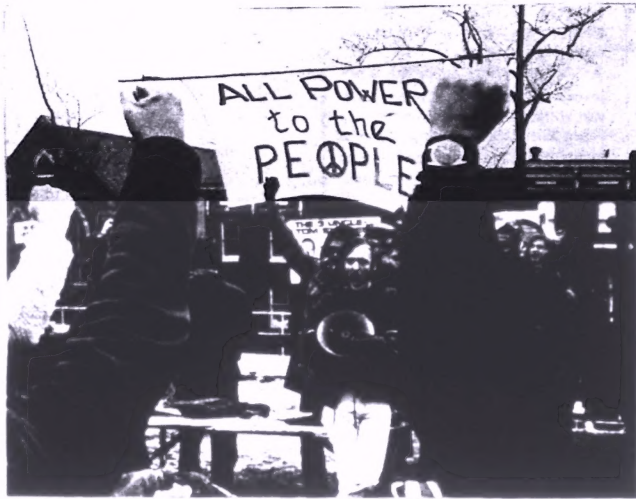
GET OUT OF JAIL
FREE



Photo by JOHN HUMBLE

SALIVATION ARMY AS SEEN THROUGH EYEWASH





by: WHITE BEAR

The Washington action Saturday was a great place to pick up on the new chants. Despite the calming effects of HARE KRISHNA and the soothing vibes of OM, the universe really rocked from Pennsylvania Avenue, epicenter, to the hordes of people chanting PEACE NOW! PEACE NOW! We were so excited by the power generated by the people's voices that we decided to share this power with our readers by providing a list of suitable chants and some suggestions for appropriate places to use them.

Now, these chants are great for bringing the family together (remember that bring us together crap?) and it can never be stated too frequently that the group that nests together should protest together. So, when you and yours, or ours or whatever, greet the new day, we suggest a fast round of warm-up exercises on a count of four and done to the loud chant of ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR, WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR! Good, huh? Just think how that vigorous chanting will start your blood circulating, not to mention the blood of the people next door. Wow!

Most of the good chants we heard were based on a four count, and are equally good for exercises and march

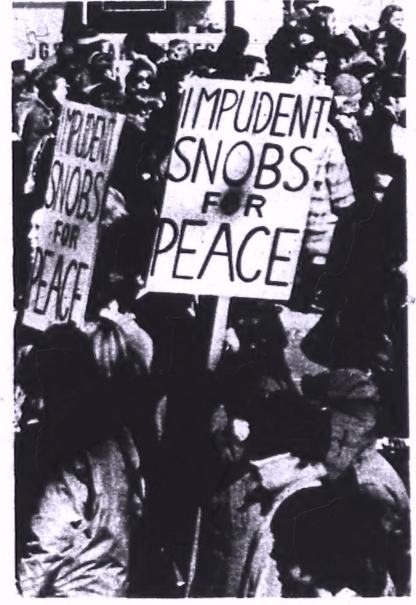
cadences. A further example: ONE TWO, SCREW MAGOO, THREE FOUR, STOP THE WAR, FIVE SIX, PICK UP BRICKS, SEVEN EIGHT, SMASH THE STATE, NINE TEN, DO IT AGAIN. We think that one is particularly good for marching. Another good chant for marching is: MAO, MAO, MAO TSE TUNG, REVOLUTION BY THE YOUNG. Imagine how that will go down when you lead your jogging group around the local high school track some morning. Another real goodie—and this is one of our favorites—is: HO, HO, HO CHI MINH, DARE TO WIN. Right on, baby, right on.

The extemporaneous nature of chanting is one of its best features. Saturday in D.C.; the chant masters drew inspiration from everything they saw. Passing the In-Justice Dept. they lead off with, FREE BOBBY, JAIL NIXON and then in front of the Infernal Revenue Building NO MORE, MONEY FOR WAR. The earth shook.

If you dig chanting, send us your suggestions and we may publish further lists of suitable chants and groovy places to use them; like city jail, or the municipal dump—Whatever happened to that anyway?—But, you can dig it, send your chants to White Bear at 'Harry'.

PEACE

...of the people, by the people, and for the people...



Photographs by: GLENN EHASZ

SEE YOU DECEMBER 15

THE DRAFT

Advice to the Brothers

SELECTIVE SERVICE CLASSIFICATIONS

A draft board is required by law to place a registrant in the lowest classification for which it finds him eligible. The law requires a registrant to supply his draft board with full information concerning all classifications, and notify it within 10 days of any change that might affect classification. (Thus, a man with a II-S student deferment must notify his board if he believes he is eligible for a I-Y for a physical defect, or a I-O because of conscientious objection, even though the board won't place him in these higher classifications until he is no longer eligible for the II-S.

The classifications are listed in order below, the highest first, and briefly defined.

SERVICE CLASSIFICATIONS

- I-A Available for military duty.
- I-A-O Conscientious objectors opposed to combatant duty and available for noncombatant duty only (usually Medical Corps.)
- I-O Conscientious objector opposed to both combatant and noncombatant military duty and available for assignment to civilian alternative service.
- Note: Conscientious objection (I-O or I-A-O), under present law, is based upon (1) Religious belief, formal or personal, defined as a belief or value which is central to the individual's life, including (2) Rejection of participation in 'war in any form' and (3) Evidence that the applicant attempts to live in a manner consistent with his beliefs.

DEFERMENT AND EXEMPTION CLASSIFICATIONS

- I-S Mandatory deferment for -
- High School student under 20 years of age; I-S (H)
 - Undergraduate student who has received an induction order while attending college full time and been deferred till end of academic year; I-S(C) - is not renewable and may be received only once. Not available to a graduate student who has received a II-S since June 30, 1967.
- I-Y Qualified for service only in time of war or new declaration of national emergency; determined by Armed Forces Physical Examination at which any evidence submitted by registrant should be considered.
- II-A Deferred for employment (other than agriculture or study) which is 'necessary to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest,' mandatory for fields designated on the advice of the National Security Council (none yet designated) and discretionary for other fields.

II-C Deferred for essential agricultural employment; same criteria as II-A, plus consideration of farm's productivity and shortage of commodities produced.

- II-S Deferred for full-time study:
- Mandatory for undergraduates if the following conditions are met: (1) Student has requested deferment by letter or Form 104, (2) School has sent Student Certificate (Form 109) each year, (3) Student is receiving credit for his courses toward a degree, (4) Student is taking a full-time load (as defined by his school), (5) Student is making satisfactory progress (e.g., has finished 25% of credits needed for a four-year degree by the end of his first academic year, 50% by the end of his second academic year, etc.), and (6) Student has not reached his 24th birthday. 'Academic year' is defined as '12 month period following beginning of his course of study.'
 - Mandatory for students of medicine, dentistry, and allied fields subject to doctor's draft, and any additional fields designated on the advice of the National Security Council (none have yet been designated).
 - Discretionary for other full-time graduate students: (1) For one year only for first-year graduate students, (2) For one additional year only for master's candidates regardless of year, (3) For one additional year or a total of five years, whichever is greater, for doctoral or combined master's doctoral students who have finished at least one year. These time limits are for 1967-68; new rules are expected for future years.

I-D In reserves or R.O.T.C.

- III-A Deferred because of Dependents:
- Mandatory deferment if registrant notified local board of child (born or conceived), and bona fide family relationship maintained; not

available to those who have requested and received II-S student deferments since June 30, 1967.

b) At discretion of board if evidence is provided that induction would cause 'extreme hardship' to dependents; II-S student deferments since June 30, 1967 do not disqualify.

IV-B Certain elected officials or state or federal government deferred by law

IV-C Certain aliens not on immigration visas, or on immigration visas but residing outside the U.S.

IV-D Ministers of religion, divinity students, and college students pre-enrolled in seminaries.

IV-F Not qualified for any service; determined by Armed Forces Physical Examination at which any evidence submitted by registrant should be considered.

IV-A Completed military duty, or is sole surviving son in family of which at least one member died as a result of military service.

V-A Over age (over 26 for those never deferred; over 35 for those with 'extended liability').

I-W Conscientious objector I-O performing civilian alternative service; I-W (Rel.): conscientious objector who has completed alternative service but is not yet over age.

I-C Member of the armed forces.

NOTES:

- No classification is permanent; all may be reviewed and, if evidence warrants, changed up-wards or down-wards.
- Upon receipt of any classification by a local board, a registrant has a right to a personal appearance with his local board if he makes written

application within 30 days of date on classification card. On receipt of a classification resulting from a personal appearance, he has a right to appeal to the state board if he makes written application within 30 days of date on that classification card. In his letter requesting an appeal, the registrant may order it transferred to the appeal board in the state where he lives, works, or goes to school. The registrant may pass up the personal appearance and use only appeal right if he wishes, but is advised to use both rights unless it is impossible to travel to a personal appearance. For personal appearance or appeal to be successful, it is important that the registrant provide all available evidence in support of his request. The State or National Director or Selective Service may order the state appeal board to reconsider a decision; the local board appeal agent may ask the State Director to order reconsideration. A registrant may appeal to the Presidential appeal board if he makes written application within 30 days after date on state appeal board classification, provided state appeal board vote was not unanimous.

- Under present regulations, men classified I-A and I-A-O who have a pre-induction physical examination may be inducted only in the following order:
 - Delinquents 19 and over (inducted even if they haven't previously received a pre-induction examination, but are examined at induction).
 - Volunteers under 26, in order of volunteering.
 - Unmarried men and men married after August 26, 1965, aged 19 through 25, the oldest first.
 - Men married by August 26, 1965, aged 19 through 26, the oldest first.
 - Men aged 26 through 34 with 'extended liability,' the youngest first.
 - Men aged 18½ to 19, the oldest first.

Men in the last two categories have not been drafted for many years. Receipt of any deferment extends draft liability to the 35th birthday (instead of the 26th), but except for doctors and draft delinquents, those over 26 with extended liability may not be inducted until all those classified I-A or I-A-O aged 19 through 25 have been taken.

WARNING: The information on this is highly condensed. For detailed information, consult a reliable draft counselor at the American Friends Service Committee, 319 E. 25th St., Baltimore, Md. 21218. ph 467-9100

CLASSIFIED ADS, NOT PEOPLE

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Film

by ELLIOTT SIRKIN

Merchandising is, and just about always was, the "se ne quoi non" of movie making and distributing in America. Most movies couldn't exist without commercial advertising - some would never even see production. Advertising almost is the American movie; and since (in finance matters, at least) the movie industry has never been famous for its guts, there haven't been many on-film slams aimed at the ascendancy of public relations over a whole century's spiritual life worth remembering. (LOVER, COME BACK and THE HUCKSTERS and WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER? are depressingly typical of all that's been done in that direction.) So the idea of a demi-underground movie about a power-driven black entrepreneur who turns a waning Madison Avenue firm into a mock-capitalist paradise, only to wreck it by doing things no differently from the white dimwits who preceded him should have a lot going for it.

And a few of the swipes that Robert Downey, the director-author of PUTNEY SWOPE, takes at his feeble target do come off. A parody-ad for No Face acne cream, filmed in deracinated pastels and featuring a pair of inter-racial young lovers, is a very cagey piece of popular satire. It's gauche and nauseating and only a very small distorting of one of those mentholated cigarette plugs that were everywhere about three years back. That same awful familiarity jacks up a few of the movie's other pu-on spiels - an ad for a depilatory done in full court dress, an airlines come-on that has four writhing stewardesses (none of them as pretty as the rest of the girls in the movie) jumping around in see-through underwear. But their swagger and their perversity are not at all typical of the movie's other gibes. The jokes about Junior Miss Flame-throwers and incinerator-mousetraps are bad enough, but they're not anywhere near as jejune or depleted-sounding as the gag commercials that fall back on "No shit" and "Fuck off" for punchlines. Worse still is the seemingly endless board-meeting that starts the movie off, shot through with routines of the "I'd rather my son were a killer than a fag" ... "Your son is a fag" sort. (Dialogue matched only by some of the post-takeover repartee, of which "He's been arrested for molesting a thirteen-year-old girl" ... "Well, at least he's not superstitious" is a fair example.)

The theme isn't treated too handsomely, and neither are its implications. The traits that eventually wipe the hero out - the bullying, the greed, the cruelty - are dramatized so haphazardly and with such thin, rushed disinterest that they're almost invisible. Very obviously scenes like his interview with a pack of drably caricatured black leaders or like his big under-pressure decision to handle war-toy and liquor accounts are only in the movie to emphasize (facetiously, of course) the destructive effects of mass power. But since they're among its worst-realized segments, they never more than hint at what the screenplay might have to say about a monster evolving. Much more successful are the bits centering on Mrs.

November 17, 1969

HARRY

Page Eleven

Putney Swope

Swopes' embourgeoisement; it doesn't take much more than a copy of GOURMET MAGAZINE and an Irving Shulman best-seller to give the movie one of its few really stinging images. (The only other one that's even comparably powerful is a passing shot of the beetle-browed dwarf who plays the thirty-eighth president, squirming on the back seat of an old fin-tailed limousine and shouting orders into a Princess phone.

But ad-baiting aside, it all amounts to surprisingly little. Settling for a send-up on the publicity culture, Downey's movie misses whatever chances it might have had at exploding America's race flare-ups - a topic that could stand some exploding. Here and there, it makes a fugitive stab toward ridiculing the black and white clash of the past few years, but it never really knocks things of importance, never comes up with anything remotely painful. There's a running gag about the firm's "token" executive (white, of course). And there are also a few gruesomely predictable sketches working over a disheveled Swedish maid who can't walk straight and a honky messenger who's always forgetting to use the service elevator. But they almost seem to be there because any movie farce about blacks outside the ghetto would feel duty-bound to strain after something funny to say about blackness in a white world. Yet only one scene so much as comes close to doing that: Putney letting a grimly berevolent nun (Ellen Coleman, wickedly lampooning Ingrid Bergman at her most inspirational) enlist him as a "big brother" to an underprivileged white goon, then told by the kid that he shouldn't actually bother if he's only accepting out of guilt.

The movie does have a nice sense of unreality though, that makes it smack pleasantly of vintage Hollywood comedy. Nice too is the sound control - something very admirable in a low-budgeted picture, largely because it's so rarely accomplished. But the acting is something else. Amazingly enough, the movie's only decent performances come from two people in very minor parts - one via Lionel Kerwin as a droopy idea man, the other from Paul Storam as a Secret Service automaton who tells jokes. They're not geniuses, but at least have some idea as to what makes the Marx Brothers different from Jerry Lewis. That's more than can often be said for Downey, with his undergraduate quips about Sirhan Saranwrap, and his sight-gags that would bore even the most stupefied Laugh-In fan.

Also: THE STERILE CUCKOO is a quiet, generous movie in which Liza Minelli summarizes the whole idea of

the neurotic college girl very cleverly... THE GYPSY MOTHS is a minor work from John Frankenheimer, a very major director. His sensitivity and his ability to work in a naturalistic setting are at work constantly, though - especially in a very disquieting family dinner sequence. And Gene Hackman and Scott Wilson, currently the most talented juvenile and character actor in domestic pictures, are perfect. As is Deborah Kerr, as talented now as she was when her very admirable career started... HALL, HERO is an impossibly crass Hollywood vision of a youth movie - and a ludicrous one.



FOLK MUSIC BENEFIT

BALTIMORE-The Baltimore Folk Music Society will be the recipient of a benefit concert given at the Trinity Church of The Brethren, Roland Avenue and Oakdale Road, on Friday, 28 November at 8:30 PM. The concert's entertainment line-up includes: Gregory Kihn, Michael Hunt, Bette White, The Bluegrass Express, Warmth, and The Timber Ridge Singers.

Admission is \$.75 and the proceeds will go to the Folk Music Society for use in furthering the interest in folk music in Baltimore.

DIGGERS

continued from p. 15

expect someone to take care of their living... some revolution.

This was not to imply that the Diggers gave up on love. If anything, there's more love since summer 1967 than before. But they're increasingly more aware of the system that prevents love - more aware of the strength of competitive industrial capitalism since it's threatening their own community. This awareness was first explicitly demonstrated when four individuals associated with the Diggers, each from different sections of San Francisco, sent a letter to the city government echoing Winstanley's demand for a system of free storehouses to be replenished when empty. The letter argued that our industrial system is capable of feeding everyone if organized for that purpose, and stated that feeding everyone is a moral and psychological necessity.

Such changes are indeed necessary, but the Diggers alone could not implement them. It would have taken a massive alliance of alienated young people with the political left. In 1967 that might have been possible... but now in 1969 the political left seems to be abandoning the medium of love and rushing headlong toward an all-or-nothing confrontation with the powers that be. Left seems to have lost interest in the Diggers, and vice-versa.

Out in San Francisco the Diggers are still working toward the kind of society they envision - working through the medium of love. The two original farms had to close, but without any publicity what-so-ever there have been frequent truckloads of free food coming into the Hight from other farms - totally unpublicized farms.

A greenhouse is under construction by Diggers one block from Haight Street, and other projects are quietly progressing as well.

Emmet Grogan and others of the original workers are still working as hard as ever. They live communally in several houses, and little attempt is made anymore to coordinate, or even to jointly determine, the work to be done. Nor is there much concern anymore to put the "Digger" label on the work. The scale and complexity of development in the subculture has blurred the outlines of any one group. When the Diggers saw that other people began looking to THEM to serve the community, and not seeing that ALL must do what they can, they pulled out of the limelight. Such honest reconsideration of what revolution really means is the Diggers' thing.

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ROCK

Johnny Winter Concert

by MICHAEL HUNT

Several thousand of Baltimore's hippest flocked blindly to another grand burn at the Civic Center Sunday night, and at 4, 5 and 6 bucks a head got to see: Pacific Gas and Electric get kicked off the stage after their third number, Grand Funk Railroad leave quietly after their fourth, and Johnny Winter get the curtain closed on him on the downbeat of his sixth. Christ, I thought I was at a coffee house audition.

The promoters must have been proud, burning all those people for all that bread, for an hour and a half's worth of music and an hour and a half's worth of intermissions designed to sell poison - labeled "refreshments" - at prices only poison should cost.

After buying tickets we tried to go in.

"Hey kid!, you can't take them papers in there."

"Shit I can't. You gotta law?"

"Hey Mack, don't let these kids through the gate with them papers."

"Look, I just blew fifteen bucks on tickets for this thing and walked a mile to get here. Now you ain't tellin' me I can't go in there."

"You can't sell papers in there. Put 'em in the office 'til you come out."

"I don't trust your office." And after a lit le more of that bullshit I went in with my papers and two chicks and their papers.

Section 8, row D, seats 4, 5 and 6. "Where's that?"

"I don't know. Ask the guy in the red coat."

"Which guy? Jesus, they all got red coats," they're paid to come here, 'cause they hate the music.

"Hey, where are these seats?"

They?

"They're way the hell up there somewhere, and don't let me catch you sellin' them papers in here."

We found the seats. They looked like they should have had seat belts.

Then came Pacific Gas and Electric. Wow, they're happy. And that guy singing, he isn't trying to sound and look like Ray Charles or Otis Redding. And the guitar player plays like he really loves to. Too bad the acoustics in this hockey field keep getting in the way I wish someone would open a decent rock club in Baltimore, the Civic Center could make God sound trite.

The light show by Yorktown Power and Light Co. would have been great if they had more than one light. It looked like comic book clippings blown up on a couple of bedsheets. Oh, well, I guess I'm still spoiled by San Francisco.

PG & E is finishing their third number. Damn, that guitar player is fun. I wonder what they'll play next. Who's this guy in the yellow jacket coming on stage?

"Ladies and gentlemen, Pacific Gas and Electric, Pacific Gas and Electric. Let's really hear it for them. We'll be back with Grand Funk Railroad after a short intermission."

WHAT!?! They only let them play fifteen minutes!

"We want to thank these people for letting us know when we were to go off," said the singer, and everyone got a little uptight and the vendors sold cokes.

The house lights stayed on for 1/4 of Grand Funk Railroad's first song, then they went off and everybody applauded and things began getting back together again. That band sure has some energy, and they use it like they mean it. Still, the sound system distorted to where you couldn't distinguish one note from another much less understand the lyrics. But the beat was definite and everybody got behind that for four songs, and the guy in the yellow coat came back and told everyone about hockey and every-

one booed and he told them about the Stones and Janis coming in a couple of weeks and everyone cheered and the lights went off and Johnny Winter played some of the prettiest guitar imaginable and they let him go for almost an hour. He's a very white cat with a very spade soul. After five songs (two of which his brother played and sang on), the lights came on again and the cops came in and with the help of a club here and there and a shot of mace here and there, they cleared the hall in record time arresting four people for disorderly conduct.

Outside, a cloud started drizzling, and a cop said, "Do you have a permit to sell those papers?"

"I don't need a permit."

"Everybody who sells stuff on the streets needs permits."

"My lawyer said the only place I couldn't sell papers was in parks, on school grounds, and some other place, I think he said cemeteries."

"He's wrong, you need a permit."

"Well, are you going to bust me?"

"No, I really don't give a damn."

by: ART LEVINE

PUT-ON OF THE YEAR - "Rolling Stone" magazine kept running articles on an album on the Deity label (DKS 900%) that was secretly recorded in Canada by, among others, Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Al Kooper, Steve Cropper. The only person NOT on the album was God, but he was rumored to be playing back-up piano. Record stores all over the nation were swamped with requests for the "Masked Murauders" LP. Some of the cuts, according to "Rolling Stone", were "I Can't Get No Nookie" and "Cowpie". An acetate was inadvertently leaked to an FM station in San Francisco, the mag said. Finally, after their office had been besieged constantly by requests, etc., the rock mag backed off their snowballing hoax by admitting all in their November 15 issue.

& & &

DYLAN SPEAKS - In the December issue of "Rolling Stone" a four-hour interview with Dylan will be unfolded. Among some of his comments....

On his "new voice" on "Nashville Skyline": When I stopped smoking, my voice changed so drastically I couldn't believe it myself. That's true I tell you, you stop smoking those cigarettes, and you'll be able to sing like Caruso."

On all those kids who have gotten hung-up over his lyrics: "Boy, if I could ease someone's mind, I'd be the first one to do it. I want to lighten every load. Straighten out every burden. I don't want anybody to be hung-up especially over me or anything I do."

On that story about him running away from Hibbing and being caught all but once: "I didn't put out any of those stories".

+ + +

NEW STONES - The new Rolling Stones LP, which should be out very soon, is entitled "Let It Bleed". It's supposedly very sexy and very dirty, so don't expect to hear it on Baltimore radio stations. Its got a Robert Johnson number, some other funky, jazzy tunes, and a C&W number or so. Sounds like "Beggars' Banquet".

HENDRIX - Says he doesn't want to be a clown or rock and roll star anymore. He's into what he calls "cosmic music", jamming with avant-garde jazz musicians and other things that are bound to disappoint nubile young teenyboppers. His new album for Reprise will be out in January, entitled, "Gypsies, Suns, and Rainbows". Maybe Hendrix has a Donovan complex-expect to see Jimi making appearances surrounded by perfumed flowers, and blushing sweetly.

MOURNER'S KADDISH FOR - Skip James, Mississippi blues singer of the twenties who was rediscovered in 1964. In 1967, the Cream recorded his song, "I'm So Glad"....Leonard Chess, one of the founders of the label that includes Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, Otis Spann, and Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup.....David Crosby's girl friend, Christine Gail Hinton in a car crash.....Paul McCartney, bass guitarist for a British group called the Beatles, in a car crash in November, 1966, age 25.

ABBEY ROAD - It's the fastest selling LP in Beatle history, with more than two million copies sold in the first two weeks. "Meet The Beatles", move over.

THINGS TO BUY - If you're tired of white bullshitters trying to get that down home country blues sound, why don't you try the real thing. For starters - Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Robert Johnson, "King of the Delta Blues Singers" (Columbia CL 1654). "The Best of Lightnin' Hopkins" (Everest/Tradition S-2056). "The Immortal Mississippi John Hurt" (Vanguard VSD-79248). "Mississippi John Hurt-Today!" (Vanguard VSD 79220). This is only a tiny listing, but if you want a good look around into the country blues area, check out the HI-FI Shop on west Cold Spring Lane. They have a fairly good blues collection. However, if you really want to get into blues and don't know where to look, next time you're in New York City, check out the House of Oldies down in picturesque Greenwich Village. For books on the subject, check out "The Country Blues" by Sam Charters (Rhineheart, 1959), and Paul Oliver's latest book, which is THE comprehensive history of the blues. It's still in hardcover, so it's best to wait awhile until it comes out in paperback.

LATEST CLUE - Play "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" backwards and slowed-down and you will hear Ingmar Bergman saying in Swedish, "Paul is dead. He was killed in a car crash in November, 1966. May the Lord Bless him and keep him"

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REVIEW:

SWEET MOMENTS WITH THE BLUE VELVET BAND - WarnerBros/7-Arts

ALLEN DALE III

Bill Keith, Jim Rooney, Richard Greene, and Eric Weissberg are four of the best musicians ever to come out of what was once the "folk revival". On this album, they have simply gotten together to make THEIR kind of music THEIR way and the result is nothing short of fantastic...providing you like country music, because that is what they're into.

The musicians involved here come from many different areas. They've been Greenbriar Boys, Tarriers, folk festival directors, Bluegrass Boys, jazz men, folk club operators, jug band players, and rock 'n' rollers. The Blue Velvet Band has neither beginning nor end. The individual members have their own things to do (like Richard Greene who is busy playing Sea Train at the moment) so the group is sort of a studio group that will rarely if ever again appear together.

The album has a smooth, easy going, sad, country feeling to it and I get the distinct impression that the members of the Blue Velvet Band don't really give a damn if the album sells or not - that, to them, the nitty gritty is in making good music. They had fun making this LP and it shows.

The skillful blending of pedal steel and fiddle on Hank Williams' "Rambling Man" as well as on "You'll Find Her Name Written There" and "Hitch-Hiker" may well come to stand as classic examples of the form. The electric fiddle on "The Knight Upon The Road" is pure jazz and it's incredible...Richard Greene is incredible!! The whole album in incredible: give special attention to the deceptively simple, honest vocal delivery on "Weary Blues From Waitin'", "Fond Affection", and Merle Haggard's "Somebody Else You've Known".

Erik Jacobsen ventured from his Sweet Reliable gigs in San Francisco to produce this set, which includes a fun flat picker's game designed by Eric Von Schmidt on the inside of the double fold LP Jacket.

RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT

By MICHAEL HUNT

To try to put Ramblin' Jack Elliott into the limitations of a newspaper column seems on par with some of his recordings. He's just too alive for those media.

Picture a modern, uptown New York City apartment; install a split-rail fence around the insides of the living room. Now, the guy sitting on the fence trying to lasso the cat (successfully) is Jack Elliott.

Back from the west coast for the first time in three years, Jack spent ten days playing in the Gaslight Cafe in New York's West Village. He comes on like an old friend, and about half-way through his first song, you realize that that's just exactly what he is. It doesn't matter that you've never seen him before, because somehow you're not strangers at all.

He might talk with you about sail boating, truck driving, rodeo, taxicabs, the Holland Tunnel, his cats or dogs, or anything else that's happened this afternoon or ten years ago, in detail, remembering names, dates, places and giving descriptions of everything around him at the time. Then, he might forget which song he was going to sing. It could have been something written by Woody Guthrie, Tim Hardin, Bob Dylan, Jimmy Rodgers, Hank Williams, or a dozen others, or maybe he's "makin' it up" as he goes along.

Jack has about 20 or 30 albums on the market. "Some I know about and others I don't." And another - that he knows about - on its way in January, on which he sings: Me and Bobby McGee and Lay, lady, lay and hosts of others. But, owning Ramblin' Jack Elliott records just isn't enough, because you can't really hear them until you've met him. Then the records come alive - and stay that way.

Anyway, back at the Gaslight, Jack is wandering through the audience pickin' and singin' and stoping to exchange smiles and vibes with just about everyone. Then, after three or four encores, a half dozen people follow him to the back room, and compliments of 'Great show Jack!' fill the room.

That wasn't a show, fella, that was the real thing.

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

(Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included, so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.)

Q: What makes a good contraceptive douche in an emergency? One of my friends has used 7-Up several times and has not become pregnant.

A: One of my friends has used nothing several times without becoming pregnant. Both girls are pretty lucky.

Unfortunately, there is no effective contraceptive douche. Two tablespoons of vinegar in a quart of water might be slightly better than nothing at all, but only very slightly. There are intravaginal contraceptive foams which are fairly good, but they must be used beforehand. If you are going to have relations, don't have emergencies: they cause blood relations.

By the way, was the 7-Up warm or cold?

Q: Last night, a friend and I got off on peyote buttons. In an hour, we were both stomach-sick and then started hallucinating. After about two or three hours, my friend got really paranoid and hysterical. He took a downer, but it didn't seem to do anything.

I don't think I need to stop smoking or taking drugs, but I would like to know about something to use in case of another emergency.

A: The hallucinogenic component of peyote is a chemical called mescaline. When swallowed in pure form, mescaline does not produce nausea and vomiting, but other chemicals in the peyote button make this reaction almost unavoidable.

This is uncomfortable, but the worrisome part is the paranoid or hysterical or other severe psychological reactions which happen all too often with strong hallucinogenic drugs such as mescaline (and much more often with acid). Frequently the person on a bad trip can "get by with a little help from his friends," but often he cannot. A really bad trip calls for medical attention, and hospitalization in a few cases. Almost every large city maintains a 24-hour psychiatric service at some location, usually including the large city- or state-run hospitals. It is wise to be aware of this and to know the location of these centers; they may be useful in all sorts of emergencies, including the type you describe.

I strongly recommend getting these people to one of these centers; there is no substitute for good medical care in a bad trip. But I am going to be realistic and recognize that some people reading this column will insist on avoiding doctors and treating these problems themselves. Perhaps this will not happen so often if our drug laws ever become more sensible, but in the meantime I feel obliged to suggest the best home treatment.

Treatment consists of two parts, psychological and drug therapy. Talk to your friend. Remain calm, friendly, and firmly reassuring. Try to keep him in touch with reality, and remind him that what he is feeling is the effect of the drug and will pass. (There is no guarantee that it will, but don't remind him of that until the next day.)

The usual "downs," as you have noted, are not very helpful. The best drug treatment is one of the strong tranquilizers, especially chlorpromazine or Thorazine (same drug, two names.) This should be given in a dose of 50 to 100 mg. depending on the size of the person and how excited he is. It can be repeated in one hour if necessary. You will have to give it to him in the form of pills. It works better when injected into the muscle (never the vein!), but an improper injection can have dangerous or even crippling effects, and should be done only by a doctor or a nurse.

Use this treatment if you must; but it is really much better to get the person to medical attention.

Q: My boyfriend wants to have anal intercourse with me. I rather like the idea but one thing worries me. I have hemorrhoids and am afraid this might make them worse. He says that it will make them better.

A: I'm afraid that you're right - anal intercourse does tend to aggravate a hemorrhoid condition, and it is probably best to avoid it. I know of no great danger involved, but there could be a great deal of irritation, and it might possibly be painful. If you decide to go ahead, anyway, be sure to use a good lubricant, such as K-Y jelly.

However, if the hemorrhoids are giving you any difficulty (pain, itching, bleeding, etc.) I would suggest that you see a surgeon about having them removed; it is an annoying but not major operation. Then once you have recovered from the operation, there will be no reason for you or your boyfriend to worry about it.

MEDICAL HEAD-FLASH

I have just gotten word of a "new" product circulating on the black market called "Strawberry Acid". It has been analyzed, and LOOK OUT!

The analysis shows it to be LSD, cut with strychnine; this is the same analysis as the "Purple Peace Pills" which caused so much trouble at the A-C and Woodstock festivals last summer. For those who are not familiar with this chemical, it is literally a deadly poison, almost as deadly as cyanide and more deadly than arsenic. The effect of strychnine is supposed to enhance the acid experience, and perhaps it does. But while no one knows any toxic level for LSD, there is certainly one for strychnine; even a slight overdose could kill in a matter of hours.

Strawberry Acid could turn out to be a one-way trip.



FROM THE CONSPIRACY

by: MICHAEL CARLINER

Mr. Stewart Ball, a freaky-looking attorney from Washington who is serving on the Conspiracy legal team, stopped in Baltimore on Tuesday, November 13. He spoke at the University of Maryland law school.

Mr. Ball told the assembled law students that the trial in Chicago was, "a far cry from what we learn about as due process." He described it as "more theater than law" — a black comedy which is all too typical of our entire legal system.

The trial represents a clash of cultures. On one side is a strange freaked-out crew of revolutionary artists and conscience-driven political radicals representing a cross-section of anti-establishment elements. They display a joyous attitude in the face of Kafkaesque repression, joking and laughing and cheering the prosecution, fortified by jelly beans, brownies, and left-over birthday cake.

On the other side is the establishment — the ambitious prosecutors and the aging autocratic judge. They are put tremendously uptight by the defense. Ball says, "When faced with something contrary to their beliefs, they hit it. That's what's happening in the courtroom."

In the early stages of the trial, the impression given the press was that of a Yipie happening. The papers told of the jelly beans and the crazy judge who looked like Mr. Magoo. Then the Bobby Seale incident came to the fore, and the press backed off. They didn't know how to deal with it. They were forced to face the fact that what was happening was real and that it didn't fit in with their assumptions of due process.

The superficial daily reportage in the straight press is not an adequate medium for consideration in context and understanding of Seale's situation.

According to Ball, the planning of the August 1968 demonstrations in Chicago was indeed highly elaborate and started just after the Pentagon march, but Bobby Seale spayed no part in the planning or

leadership of the demonstrations. He came to Chicago to speak on behalf of Eldridge Cleaver, who was a candidate for President of the United States on the Peace and Freedom ticket. He stayed about 18 hours and made one fifteen minute speech. Thus his being named as a defendant in the trial cannot but be considered as a move to harass and destroy the Panthers and the black liberation movement.

Toward the end of last summer, a warrant was issued for Seale's arrest in connection with a Connecticut murder case. Seale was driving down the street in California when he was stopped by 50 FBI agents. He was held incommunicado and taken to Connecticut. When he was finally able to contact his lawyer, Charles Garry, a motion for a bail hearing was made and the Connecticut judge was made and the Connecticut judge agreed to hear the case. At this point Seale was spirited off to Chicago and again held incommunicado. Meanwhile, Garry was hospitalized for a gall bladder ailment. Rumors of Seale's disappearance and possible death circulated.

William Kunstler filed a motion of appearance in order to see Seale, find out what was happening to him, and reassure him. Someone of less sturdy stuff than Seale would no doubt have completely flipped out from such treatment, but Seale managed to stay surprisingly calm, despite the numerous indignities to which he was subjected.

Before the start of the trial, Seale indicated that he did not want Kunstler to represent him and asked for a continuance until Garry was well enough to come to court. Normally, such a continuance is granted as a matter of course, but Judge Hoffman denied the motion. Seale then said that he would represent himself. Hoffman insisted that he could not do that, but must accept Kunstler as his lawyer.

Hoffman's refusal to let Seale represent himself led to a series of confrontations, to Seale's having a wad of gauze shoved down his throat and seven layers of adhesive tape wrapped around his

mouth while he was strapped and chained in his chair, and finally to Seale's receiving a four year sentence for contempt.

Seale's contempt sentence came just after the first and only clear test of Seale's position that he had a right to defend himself in lieu of counsel of choice. A California undercover agent testified that he saw Seale go to the airport to catch a plane for Chicago. This was the first time that a witness had given testimony relevant only to Seale. Attorneys Kunstler and Weinglass said that they had no reason to question the agent, since his testimony did not apply to their clients — the other seven conspirators. Seale then rose and began to cross-examine the witness.

"Why did you follow me to the airport?" he asked.

No answer.

"Did you ever kill a Black Panther?"

No answer.

"Did you ever participate in a raid on the Panther headquarters?"

No answer.

Hoffman then dismissed the jury and called a recess. When court reconvened, Seale was sentenced to four years in jail.

Mr. Ball said that the treatment Seale received would not have been given to any of the white defendants, and that such treatment typifies that given to black people generally. Ball also discussed the fact that the problems in Seale's case were largely due to the rhetorical differences between the culture which Seale represents and that of the judge. He said that for Seale to call the judge a "racist fascist pig" is no different than for David Dellinger to say the trial is "improperly conducted and unconstitutional," and it is "the inability of the courts and the press to understand or accept the rhetoric of the movement" that caused Seale to be portrayed as "some kind of nut."

The Anti-Riot Act under which the Conspiracy are being charged was added to the 1968 Civil Rights Act as an amendment under the sponsorship of Representative William Cramer and Senator Strom Thurmond, who felt that the real reason for riots is outside agitation. The amendment, as well as the bill, was passed in a hurry after the riots which followed the assassination of Martin L. King. The amendment was denounced by President Johnson, who hailed it as "a victory for every American."

The law makes it a crime to travel

between states, write a letter, send a telegram, make a telephone call, or speak on radio or television with intent to encourage any person to engage in a gathering of three or more which may result in injury to the property of any person. In other words, you don't actually have to encourage other people in order to get convicted under this hanging law.

This, Ball said, is "a real thought-control definition of crime." Further, riot is defined so loosely that, as Ball said, "there are probably a couple of hundred federal riots taking place in Baltimore right now." The law gives the government the power to name people they want to 'get', even if, like Bobby Seale, they had no real connection with the event. It is, says Ball, "a conjured up statutory scheme to select people and charge them."

In the early stages of the trial, many people felt that Judge Hoffman's rulings were so ridiculous that the defendants were sure to be freed on appeal. People were led into a false sense of security by ingrained confidence in due process and by the levity with which the defendants seemed to regard the proceedings. The Seale incidents have helped to dispel this feeling somewhat. People are starting to understand the seriousness of the case. Even if the case is won on appeal, the defendants will probably be put in jail until the slow process of appeal is completed, since Judge Hoffman never grants appeal bonds. However, Mr. Ball is pessimistic even about the prospects for successful appeal. He finds it difficult to look upon the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court, in its developing reactionary frame, as viable hopes for justice. It could take several years to get to the high court, and by that time Nixon will have time to add a few more Haynesworths and Burgers. This is a political trial, and Ball doesn't think the courts can be depended upon to stop the administration from following a course of political repression.

This trial is not just jelly beans and brownies. Eight men who have chosen to devote their lives to changing that which they find wrong in America may be going to prison, victims of a reactionary repression. The Conspiracy, in an attempt to create a new society and culture, have presented the establishment with something they can't understand, and when the establishment can't understand something, it moves to crush it — hard.

THE DEFENDANT ALLEGES THIS COURT HAS DEPRIVED HIM OF HIS CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.



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The Great Stinkbomb Caper

CHICAGO [LNS]- Everyone has been waiting to find out just what quiet John Froines did in the big Chicago 8 conspiracy.

Froines was a real puzzle because he wasn't a famous hippie or SDS leader. Until the trial, hardly anybody had ever heard of him, except his relatives and fellow research chemists.

The day he was indicted, along with people like Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Rennie Davis, reporters asked each other: "Who the hell is John Froines?"

A bit of digging showed that Froines is a brilliant research chemist, with a stack of degrees thicker than a judge's head. He's 30, married, and if he is a wild radical, he developed late in life. In 1964, he ran a campus campaign at Yale for Lyndon B. Johnson.

Froines took part in the convention protests, of course, but so did thousands of other people, and he definitely wasn't remembered as a leader.

But, Tuesday it finally came out, the terrible thing that Froines did in the alleged conspiracy to drive Chicagoans crazy and slide the city into the lake.

He is accused of being the diabolical genius behind a sinister plot to disrupt a show in a Loop Go-Go joint.

That, as far as I can tell, is why the full might and power of the government of the United States of America is aimed at putting John Froines behind the bars of a federal pen.

It seems that one night during the convention, three female demonstrators were arrested in the Cherade - A - Go - Go, in the Palmer House, for stinking the place up.

They used homemade stink bombs. Actually, they weren't really "bombs". They were simply pieces of tissue paper soaked in a very mild, harmless, but smelly, chemical that anybody can buy.

The girls picked that particular go-go joint because a lot of convention delegates and other political types were going there to get cheap kicks.

The girls figured that, with the world as goofed up at it is, convention delegates should be doing something more useful with their time than leering at the sight of a bare behind.

Froines, the prosecution says, was the man who supplied the smelly chemical and slotted the entire escapade.

In other words, he was the shadowy Mr. Big behind the great stink-bomb caper.

From where I sat, the government didn't even do much of a job in proving that much. But that's up to the jury.

It wasn't that they didn't try to prove it. Their witnesses included agents of the FBI, the Chicago police force, crime lab technicians and others.

Never before has so much energy gone into figuring out who tossed a stink bomb.

When I was a kid, hardly a weekend passed when somebody didn't do it in one of the neighborhood movies. And a veterans' convention wasn't complete without things like water bags being tossed out of hotel windows, electrified canes, stink bombs and other acts of exuberance and patriotism.

So it sounded strange, indeed, to hear the FBI and the Chicago police talking in solemn terms about how they went about gathering their clues and evidence.

Countless syndicate git men are running around loose in Chicago, and most of them haven't been snooped as thoroughly as John Froines, the mad stink bomber.

LaSalle St. is crawling with politicians and financiers who wouldn't get less than 3 to 10 in a federal pen if somebody pursued them as relentlessly as the government chased Froines.

If this is a sample of the conspiratorial sins the government is interested in, they should swoop down on some of the suburbs next Halloween when kids splatter houses with eggs.

As Froines said, when he wandered out of Judge Julius Hoffman's sandy courtroom, looking dazed:

"You would think I was accused of building a goddam atom bomb."

[Editor's note: The preceding article was first published in the Chicago Daily News.]

boom



November 17, 1969

HARRY

Page Fifteen

Revolution, Diggers' Style

by ALEX FORMAN and F.P. SALSTROM

When a small group of men began to dig and plant upon the Commons on St. George's Hill, in Surrey, in 1649, it marked the radical culmination of the new forces of change resulting from the Reformation in Germany. For with the breakdown of the total supremacy of the Roman Church, these new forces were to go far beyond the moderate rebellion of Martin Luther. The destruction of the rationale for the Church's omnipotence led suffering people to question the power of other elements in the collapsing power structure. This can best be seen in the peasant's revolt in Germany and in the English Civil War. For not only was the Church questioned but also the institutions of the state and the system of land ownership.

The Diggers, as the small group of men came to be known, questioned the existing order in its totality. They had grievances against the clergy, the judges, the lawyers, parliament, and the nobles. They requested that the common land, which had belonged to the King who had been executed, be turned over to the people. The people could run the commons collectively and set up a cooperative commonwealth alongside the existing system. The Diggers believed that their system would prove to be so peaceful and filled with reason and love that soon the whole country would join them. They saw no need for violence and refused even to defend themselves when attacked.

The Diggers had two distinct arguments for their cause, one religious and the other political. The religious argument stated that God had not created the earth to be enjoyed by certain men only, but rather as a common treasury for all. The ownership of the land in England had been achieved, from William the Conqueror on, by the use of the sword - indirectly when not directly. Thus land ownership, based upon blood, was immoral. Diggers believed man to have two opposing instincts in his spirit: self-preservation, which accounted for greed and bloodshed, and common preservation, representing sharing and love. To act in a morally correct way meant living a life based on common preservation. Diggers also believed that if men lived for awhile in accordance with common preservation, their bad instincts would disappear because of the supreme power of universal love.

The Diggers' political argument was that since the common land once belonged to the King it now belonged to all those who had fought to end the monarchy. Thus since masses of people had fought, the masses were entitled to former royal holdings. It's important to note that Gerald Winstanley, the Diggers' spokesman, showed an increasing tendency to base their cause on the more concrete political arguments during the movement's brief history. The last important document to come out of the Digger movement was a long appeal from Winstanley to Oliver Cromwell calling for the creation of a cooperative commonwealth in England. This included concrete proposals on how to organize the economy, the schools, the state and

judicial system. It favored private property within the home, family-based settlements, universal ownership of all crown lands, and common storehouses for all products.

Although the original Diggers didn't succeed in their goal, their thoughts have survived over three hundred years and appeared again in remarkably similar form. Growing out of give-and-take between the New Left and the old beat generation, a hippy culture blossomed in San Francisco in late 1965. Two new factors which made the hippy culture a very distinct phenomenon were, first, a feeling of community (emphasized by individuals frustrated in the New Left) and second, the use of LSD. Cutting across the economic and social differences of many Alienated Americans, almost all quite young, a new tribal love culture took root in the Haight-Ashbury district of the city. The new force unleashed by LSD constituted the primary unifying factor in a grouping which ranged from the sometimes violent Hell's Angels motorcycle club to meditating Zen Buddhists. This new culture was at first amorphous but it soon took on the shape of a bohemian community complete with its own merchant class: the hip-merchants.

It was fairly obvious that the merchants were getting rich without helping the hippies on the streets, many of whom were dependent on the Diggers. At a meeting one of the more vocal Diggers asked why, if they were a community service, did they find it so hard to get aid from the community. They wished to see money used to buy space for people-living space, growing space, space to create the new world. Such aims conflicted with those of the business-minded merchants. A full-scale break was developing.

Meanwhile, the Diggers' magic acquired them two farms which they tried to establish as food suppliers as well as colonies of freedom from the city hassle. In April of 1967 the movement jumped across an ethnic barrier with the beginning of a Black Man's Free Store in the heart of the Negro ghetto. It was at this time - with the establishment of free-stores in the black community and the Haight-Ashbury, with the beginning of farms and the break with the merchants - that the Diggers repeated Winstanley's course by putting stress on concrete political realities. They spoke now of need for some kind of revolution - and especially in the Black Man's Free Store for the work was viewed as the beginning of a revolution. This new tone can best be described by quoting the close of a Digger leaflet distributed in early May, 1967:

... love is a slop-bucket and we are the children of awareness but our courage has not yet manifested itself within our floating community. We put down the merchants the bullshitters, the hustlers and we sit around and it's all the same and there's nothing new under the sun and free food seems a long time gone because we're playing the game of the 1930's, we're the new cry babies and James Dean's tears have finally taken root in a shallow weak kneed series of cabals which

continued on p.11

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18

LECTURE and meditation - Bob Heironimus at Levering Hall, Johns Hopkins Univ. 8pm ** ††
 FILM - "Pack Up Your Troubles" Laurel and Hardy, and experimental films by Dominic Bianca at Reel World Cinema Park Plaza, Chas. and Madison Sts. 7:30pm Admission \$.25
 CONCERT: Peabody Conservatory Wind Ensemble, Peabody Concert Hall, Chas. and Mount Vernon Place

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

LECTURE - Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Chas. 8pm 752 - 5014 ** ††
 PLAY - "The Knack" at Center Stage 11 E. North Ave. 8:30pm \$4.25 & \$5.25 685 - 5020
 MEETING - GI Organizing Meeting 2912 N. Calvert, 8pm First and third Weds. 884 - 0065 ††
 SEMINAR in non-violence at Learning Action Center 321 E. 25th St. 3rd floor 6pm ††
 FOLK - Hoot at Crack Of Dawn Coffee House 100 W. 25th St. 8:30pm \$.50 **

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20

HEALING SERVICE - Mt. Washington Methodist Ch. Smith Ave. & Falls Road 10am ** ††
 FOLK DANCING - Levering Hall Johns Hopkins Univ. 8pm to 11pm \$.75 **
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19
 COMMUNITY SUPPER - Learning Action Center see Nov. 19 bring food to share
 FOLK - "Bob Cadwalader and guests" at Crack of Dawn 100 W. 25th St. \$.75

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21

BABAJA KRIYA YOGA - 6311 N. Chas. Yogi S. A. A. Ramaiah 6:30pm ** Don.
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19, Tickets \$4.75 & \$5.75
 PLAY - "The Catcher Was A Fag" and "I And Silence, Some Strange Race" by Gordon Porterfield. Two one-act plays 9pm Members \$2. Guests \$3. Res. 728 - 4707
 FILMS by Snow, Anger, Bresson, Framp-ton at Personal Cinema Group, Mt. Royal Station Auditorium of Md. Institute 8pm to 10pm, subscriptions or, if room, tickets at door 669 - 9200
 PLAY - "The Misanthrope" at Barn Theatre, Hopkins, 8:30pm
 FILM - "The Great War" at Essex Community College 8pm, 682 - 6000 ††
 ROCK - "Ames Oaks" at Bluesette 2439 N. Chas. 8pm, \$2. 467 - 4404
 FOLK - "Michael Hunt" at Whinecellar Chesapeake & Highland, Towson 8:30pm
 FOLK - "Valerie Banks" at Crack of Dawn 100 W. 25th St. 9pm \$1.25
 PLAY - "After The Rain" by John Bowen at Community College of Baltimore Little Theater 2901 Liberty Heights Ave. 8:30 pm, Students free, Others \$1.00 523 - 2151
 PLAY - "Prepare For Glory" by Ted Shine, at Theatre U. Garrison Blvd. and Alto Road, Students \$1.00 Others \$2.50 664 - 1698 or 367 - 9137

IN BALTIMORE!!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19, Tickets \$4.75 & \$5.75
 CONCERT - "The Incredible String Band" at UMBC Gym, 5401 Wilkins Ave. 9pm \$3.00
 PLAY - "The Catcher Was A Fag" and "I And Silence, Some Strange Race" see Nov. 21
 ROCK - "Aux" Bluesette, see Nov. 21
 PLAY - "The Misanthrope" see Nov. 21
 FOLK - "Warmth" at Crossroads, Loch Raven Blvd. and Woodbourn Ave. 8:30pm
 FOLK - "Valerie Banks" see Nov. 21
 PLAY - "After The Rain" see Nov. 21

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23

LECTURE - "Who Am I" by Christopher Hills at Unitarian Ch. Chas. & Franklin Sts. 2pm
 LECTURE - "Reincarnation and Time" by Christopher Hills, Towson Presby. Ch. 8pm
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19 2pm Tickets \$3 & \$4, and 8pm \$4.25 & \$5.25
 CONCERT - "Quartetto Italiano" at Shriver Hall, Hopkins, 8:30pm
 PLAY - "The Misanthrope" see Nov. 21
 MEETING - Baltimore Folk Music Society at Crack of Dawn 100a W. 25th St. 8pm ** ††
 PLAY - "After The Rain" see Nov. 21

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24

LECTURE - "Time and Imagination" by Christopher Hills at Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Chas. 8pm

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19



TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE
 CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write
 CALENDAR
 "HARRY"
 233 E. 25th Street
 Baltimore, Md. 21218

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26

LECTURE - "Micro-group Encounter Session at Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Chas. 8pm, \$1.00
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19
 SEMINAR in non-violence, see Nov. 19
 MEETING - Theosophical Society at 525 N. Chas. St. 8pm
 ROCK - "Rolling Stones" at Civic Center 7:30pm \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50
 FOLK - "Hoot" at Crack Of Dawn, see Nov. 19 **

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27

FOLK DANCING - see Nov. 20
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19
 COMMUNITY SUPPER - see Nov. 20

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28

BABAJA KRIYA YOGA - see Nov. 21
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19 Tickets \$4.75 & \$5.75
 PLAY - "The Catcher Was A Fag" and "I And Silence, Some Strange Race" see Nov. 21
 PLAY - "The Misanthrope" see Nov. 21
 ROCK - "Ames Oaks" Bluesette see Nov. 21
 BENIFIT - "The Bluegrass Express" "The Timber Ridge Singers" "Bette White" "Warmth" "Michael Hunt" "Greg Kihn" at Trinity Ch. of the Brethern, Roland Ave. and Oakdale Rd. 8:30pm \$.75

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29

PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19 Tickets \$4.75 & \$5.75
 PLAY - "The Catcher Was A Fag" and "I And Silence, Some Strange Race" see Nov. 21
 PLAY - "The Misanthrope" see Nov. 21
 ROCK - "Aux" at Bluesette, see Nov. 21
 FOLK - "Erik Frandsen and Michael Hunt" at Crack of Dawn, see Nov. 21

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30

LECTURE - "Secret Doctrine" by Mr. John Robertson at 523 N. Chas. 3:30pm
 PLAY - "The Knack" see Nov. 19, 2pm Tickets \$3 & \$4, and 8pm Tickets \$4.75
 Tickets \$+ & \$4, and 8pm Tickets \$4.75 and \$5.75
 MEETING - Baltimore Folk Music Society see Nov. 23 ** ††

†† Free!!

** Weekly

"Say pal, know where I can find a ham-burger joint around here?"
 "Sorry, I don't smoke meat."